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AUGUST 8, 1924

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

CHARLES
RYAN



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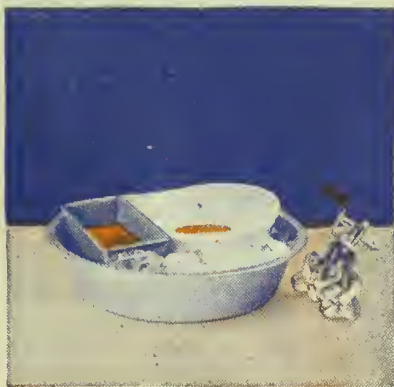
City

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I belong to Post No.



1. Dissolve Jell-O in a large bowl. Reserve small amount in flat pan.



2. Allow Jell-O in bowl to become cold but not to thicken.



3. Whip Jell-O until of consistency of whipped cream.



4. A spoon or knife neatly removes all of the mixture from the beater. Notice the contrast between plain and whipped Jell-O.



5. Pile the whipped Jell-O lightly into serving dishes before it becomes "set."



6. Turn the stiffened plain Jell-O upon a board, cut into tiny cubes and use as a garnish on top of Jell-O whip.

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America's most famous dessert

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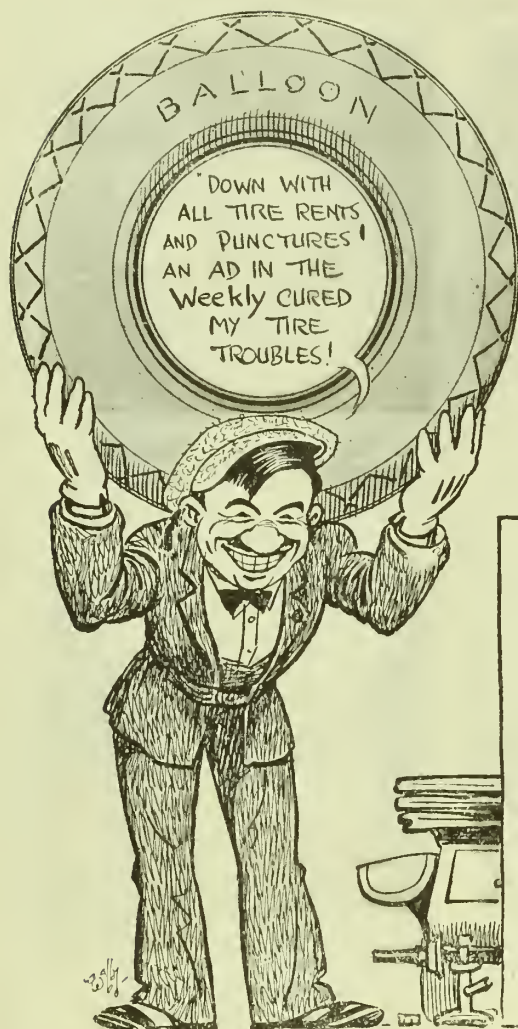
Whipped Jell-O affords a new opportunity for dessert making. Combined with fruits or nuts, or alternate whipped layers of different flavors, it offers a variety of desserts suitable for all occasions. Write for booklet.



THE JELL-O COMPANY INC.
Le Roy, New York



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(signed)
Buddy
THE AD-MAN

Your name Address

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How long have you had them?

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Where do you buy your tires?

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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium, with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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THEY
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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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627 West 43d Street, New York City

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AUGUST 8, 1924

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STANLEY F. CASE, late 32d Division, A.E.F., stood before the United States consul at Warsaw, Poland, one damp day in March, 1921. In his hand was an honorable discharge from the United States Army with about every battle in which that Army had participated in 1918 listed on the reverse side. Case wanted just one thing. That one thing was a chance to work his way to some port along America's Atlantic seaboard where he could resume his former habit of eating three times daily. But the consul could not help him.

It seemed cruel, but it was the only answer the consul could give. Congress had passed no appropriations to cover the return of American soldiers stranded in Europe. A square meal, a loan from one buddy to another, a letter to the nearest consul on the homeward trek—that was all the official in Warsaw could do.

The story of how Stanley Case worked his way, without speaking any of the languages he encountered, without money and without help, all the way from Warsaw down to Brünn in Czecho-Slovakia, and thence to Prague, where a Red Cross official gave him a lift in a machine to Vienna; of how he stowed away on a Danube steamer and so got into Germany; of how he walked and stole rides on freights into Alsace; of how he finally reached Paris and dropped exhausted on the steps of Paris Post of The American Legion, having eaten but twice in the last five days of his journey—well, that is a story Stanley case is not likely to forget. And it can be matched a hundred times by the experiences of others, for Case was but one of several thousand American ex-service men—no one can guess just how many—who became stranded in Europe after the war.



The Boys We Left Behind Us

By
John R. Tunis



From the two million odd—some of them very odd—who composed the A. E. F., no less than 7,856 men were discharged in France. Many of them, of course, had entirely legitimate reasons for quitting the service overseas. Others simply hadn't seen enough of the world and somehow accomplished the difficult feat of getting out overseas without producing a gilt-edged excuse. Some worked into various jobs

where Paris Post looked up his record through the Polish legation, substantiated his statements, and eventually got him sent back home. And there was Hervey Smith—Fighting Smith, from Atlanta, Georgia, who didn't get enough war in France.

Not all the men in trouble who came to the Legion wanted—or needed—money. Smith is an instance in point. He had fought with the Spanish Legion

in London or Paris, in Madrid or Rome, but the majority soon found that the only worth while job was the job of getting back home. The mere business of being an ex-service man wasn't much of a trade in Europe. Every country had a lot of its own war heroes out of work.

Trails beckoned, soles itched. Thirteen American veterans, for instance, managed to get stranded, between 1919 and 1921, in Czecho-Slovakia. Czecho-Slovakia was a brand-new country, and maybe the thirteen wanted to grow up with it. Most of them eventually worked their way somehow back to Paris and threw themselves on the Legion for help.

From all corners of Europe the stragglers have come, homeless, half-starved creatures; men for whom the greatest war of all time had not ended. There was Walter H. Townsend, for instance, of Springfield, Illinois. He was an Air Service mechanic in the A. E. F., who, discharged in France after the war, finally got into the aviation branch of the Polish army, where he served with distinction and was holding the rank of major when the Russians and Poles decided they had had enough. Passing through Berlin en route for home, Townsend was separated by a nimble-fingered German from a pocketbook containing not only all his money but his identification papers as well. Somehow he managed to get to Paris,

in Morocco, had been captured by the Moors outside of Melila and escaped after thirteen months, working his way into French Algeria. He arrived in Paris with about nineteen francs and some unpublished photographs of the fighting in Morocco — photographs which, on account of the censorship, were valuable. But he did not know what to do with them or how to sell them. Through friendly aid he was able to dispose of enough to the various news agencies in Paris to buy a steerage passage on an American steamer.

The task of caring for strayed Yankee veterans began to take on such proportions in 1922 that Paris Post was unable to handle all the men who needed help, and through the efforts of the post, aided by a number of wealthy Americans, a society was founded for the sole purpose of aiding stranded Americans in Europe. Since its foundation the American Aid Society has helped several thousand Americans return to the States, besides settling the troubles of innumerable others who are living in various parts of France.

First of all, the American Aid Society is prepared to give immediate help. It hands over money for a meal, gets the applicant a room at the Salvation Army if he needs one, and then proceeds to investigate. It acts first and talks afterwards. Finally the strandeer is put on a waiting list—it's a long one, even now—and given as

close an approach as possible to a job until it is time to leave for Cherbourg and home.

Sounds easy. But you cannot amble over to Europe, lose your ticket home, and expect a first-class passage back on the *Leviathan*. First, you must really be broke. That's easy. You must prove there is no relative or friend at home whom you can call on for the price of a steerage ticket. That's not so easy. Then you must stay in Paris and work until your ship comes in. If it's winter that isn't easy at all.

But a lot of them think it is. One bird wrote in to the Secretary of the Society, Miss Grace Countiss Green of Greenwich, Connecticut, as follows:

"Dear Madam: I am an American colored ex-service man. I am very refined, and, dear friend, I am no booze fighter, but I'll take a drink the same as any man that has a decent limit."

Refined or not, they all have to line up for cross-examination. This gentleman with the decent limit who had come over to startle Montmartre with a little North Carolina jazz was eventually restored to the land of his birth. He was real. But as much cannot be said for the following case:

One afternoon a big fellow with a foreign look and a much more foreign accent entered the offices of the society. He declared himself to be an American ex-service man, but could produce no credentials. Miss Green questioned him.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "What can you do?"

"Leddy," said the man, "I'm an American. I speak fourteen languages."

The secretary gave him one look.

"Outside for you. No American ever spoke fourteen languages."

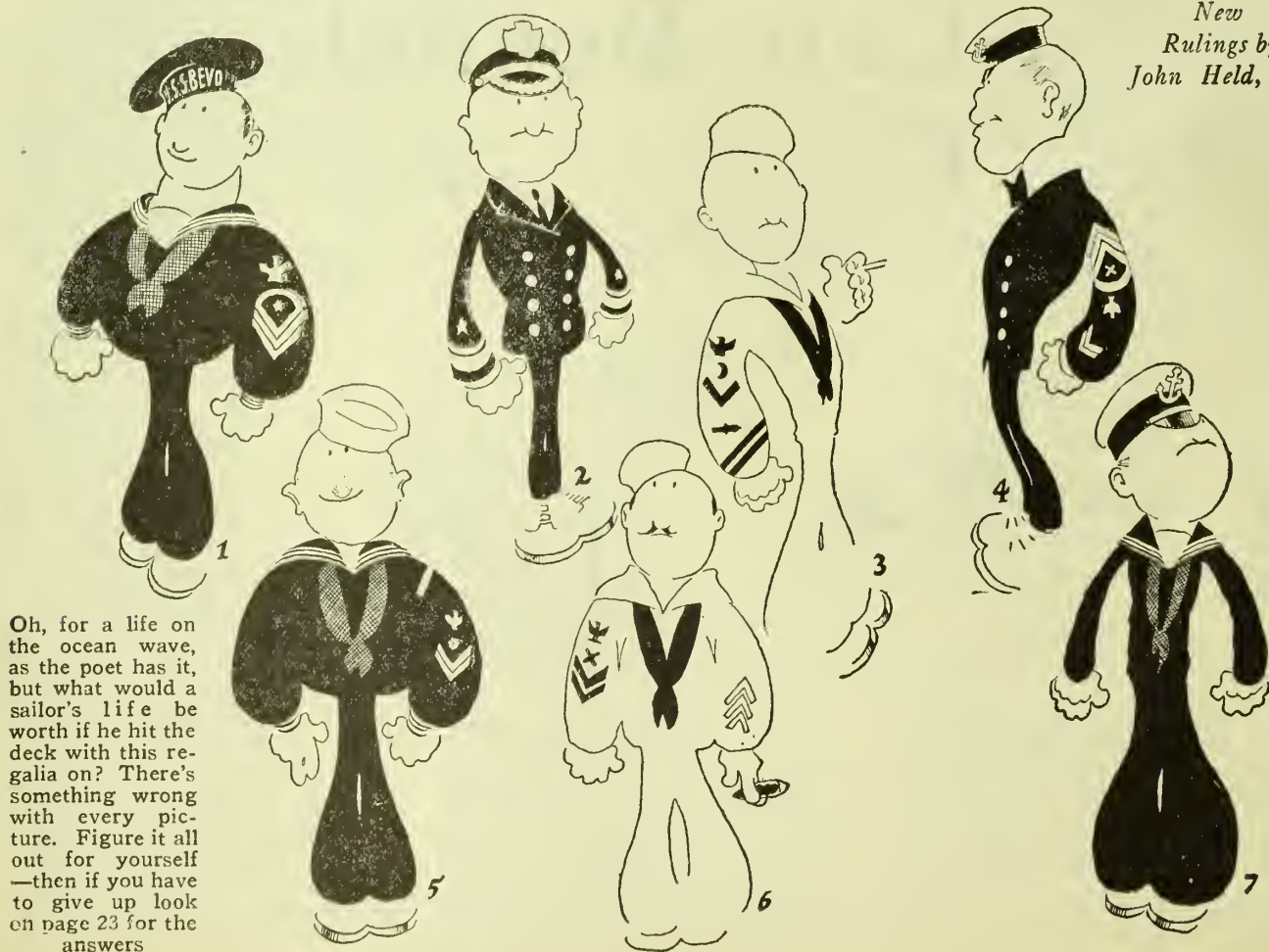
Then there are the European commuters. Paris Post of the Legion figures that the worst beats of all are of two kinds—students and merchant sailors. They won't stay put. They have the assurance of oil-stock salesmen when they land in Europe, but they are usually unable to speak French or German or to do anything essential to earn a living. Yet they drop off at Havre or Antwerp and amble up to Paris in the expectation of earning that living somehow. Some of them have been over two or three times. When they present themselves with their visa-covered passports they are given the air. They are the deadbeats of the Paris-New York game.

Next to students and merchant sailors, the worst offenders are the poets. The poet business was never very good in Paris due to an overcrowded market, but this year the bottom has fallen out of it completely. There is a hungry poet on every corner from the Gare Montparnasse to the American Express Company's office on the Rue Scribe. "Paris called, so I came," one of these

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EXTRY! B. J. M. AMENDED!

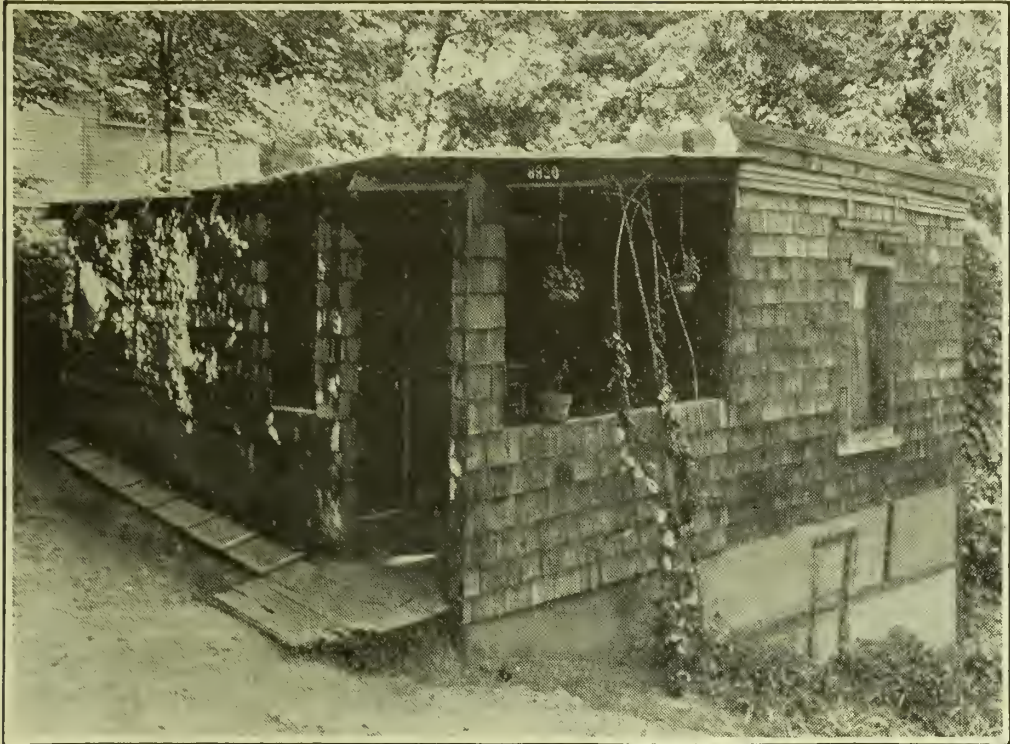
New
Rulings by
John Held, Jr.



Oh, for a life on the ocean wave, as the poet has it, but what would a sailor's life be worth if he hit the deck with this regalia on? There's something wrong with every picture. Figure it all out for yourself—then if you have to give up look on page 23 for the answers

By
Homer Dye, Jr.

*Living in a
Dugout on
a Wyoming
Ranch Gave
One Buddy
the Idea Which
Enabled Him
to Hand the
Landlord the
Raspberry When
He Came Back
to Civilization*



Beaux Arts architects probably wouldn't award a gold medal prize to Mr. Dye's shingled shack in the environs of Kansas City, Missouri, but it cost him only five hundred dollars and enabled him to save enough money to buy a regular home

A Homesteader in the City



MY friends here in the city envy my 640 acres of real estate in Wyoming which Uncle Samuel presented as a reward for managing to exist on it fourteen months, and for serving in his Army. My wife and I have been real homesteaders, but it was the homesteading we did after we got back to the city that really brought comparative prosperity.

True, we have our 640 acres, Uncle Samuel having made us a present of it, apparently. We lived on it fourteen months and spent the necessary \$400 for stock-raising improvements, in addition to putting up the habitable dwelling that was necessary, and the whole thing was ours. It is a pretty place, with Black Thunder Creek meandering by, and with a green line of cottonwoods following its course along cliff and plain, their green foliage standing out against drab buffalo grass and blue sky. We're glad to be possessors of it. But it cost us something, don't you forget it.

To quit a fairly good job in the city, with its regular pay check, and, without capital or much experience, try to

make a go of it out in the open spaces—without any ready money or any way of earning it, until mustered out and given the patent from the Government, is something of a price to pay, even though Uncle Sam didn't realize any profit from the transaction.

Uncle Sam was more or less cheated on the deal when he gave us that square mile of western scenery in return for our feeble attempts at pioneering and farming and improvements, but he got back at us good and proper. We got gypped, too. We learned that in order to make a living on the land it would be necessary to lease two or three sections—one little square mile not being enough—and stock up with cattle or sheep, and equipment for raising forage crops to feed during the hard winters. And also experience, industry, strong muscles and strong, very strong optimism.

We also learned that, regardless of what others have done and may do in winning a fortune from the raw land, in our own case the same amount of resourcefulness and self-denial while plodding along on the old job in the

city would bring far bigger returns. And since we learned this, and learned it well, the homesteading venture was highly profitable, after all. And we still have that square mile of scenery. Inasmuch as Uncle Samuel has several million acres more of it which he is giving away, there isn't any apparent opportunity of cashing in on it at a profit. Nevertheless, we're glad we have it. Our city friends envy it.

IN order to have even a ghost of a show to profit by homesteading in the West, it is necessary for the pioneer to live in a mere one-room shack that barely fulfills the requirements of shelter for the time that is to be spent on the place. Obviously, it would not pay to build an elaborate home on a place that is to be occupied only seven months of the year for three years. And even if one were to make his home there permanently, he would find it necessary to be conservative in his investment in living quarters for himself, and apply as much of his capital as possible to providing shelter instead for his cows and chickens. It is up to

the cows and chickens, in the course of time, to pay it all back and build an attractive hacienda with motion-picture trimmings for the persevering pioneer. They don't always do it, but that is another story.

The pioneer also must use a heating stove in the living room; rather than the central heating plant in the basement, with its hot water system. He must carry water from the well or spring or creek, instead of enjoying the convenience of running city water, and must use an oil stove or wood-burning kitchen stove in place of city gas, and an oil lamp instead of electric lights. And he must exercise his own industry and resourcefulness to provide the necessities and comforts of life. In short, he must be his own hewer of wood and drawer of water, literally speaking, and the water system and the installation of the electric plant, if they ever come at all, must await his success with his crops and the increase in his live stock.

And yet, city folks have fallen into the habit of thinking they must have the fully equipped modern home right from the start. The home economics experts who write for the women's magazines say it is necessary for the city man to pay from one-fourth to one-half of his salary for rent. Or if he should buy a home, it should cost from two years to two and one-half years of his salary. Interest, taxes and upkeep on a home of that standard require from ten to fifteen years or more of the worker's savings to complete the payments. All this is absolutely necessary, if you take the home economics expert's word for it.

Having served our time on a western homestead, we did not take the lady's word for it. We knew that if we would homestead a few months more, this time on a Kansas City lot while I could hold my job at the office and have a regular salary coming in, we eventually could have a modern home of our own at less cost than that met by other city salaried men of my status for their modern inconveniences. And modern inconveniences they are, when you stop to think of the inconvenience of spending three to six months every year working for the landlord.

COMING down to fundamental facts, a small house will keep the rain off just as well as a de luxe apartment, and a \$20 heating stove, even though it may come from the second-hand store, will make that small house just as comfortable as a big house equipped with a \$500 heating plant. For the benefit of those who are paying for space in this magazine to advertise their plumbing and furnaces, electric grills and gas ranges, I will say that they will sell just as many of those things when city salaried men have the spot cash with which to buy them as they now sell to the landlords who rent them to us.

Our first plan was to buy a 35-foot lot in some part of the city where we could get it for about \$350 or \$400, and where there would be no restrictions against the modest type of dwelling we planned. Although the exclusive district was automatically avoided by the price we decided on, we planned to get into a locality of modest, neat appearing homes. I intended then to

build a 12 x 24 homestead shanty on it for about \$150, which later could be sided and plastered and incorporated into the more elaborate house we were to build in a year or two. Divided into two rooms, we would have as much space for living quarters as our pretentious friends have at the Klassy Kitchenette apartments. A base burner stove, such as a poor man can afford, and which a rich man could not afford to be without, could he but know the real comfort and satisfaction to be derived from it, would suffice for the heating plant, and a 75-cent water bucket would answer the purpose of a \$300 investment in plumbing. The bathroom with the \$300 investment it represented was to be postponed until we should build the rest of the house; but do not think that we intended to do without baths in the meantime.

This lack of modern conveniences might seem appalling to some, but to my way of looking at it, it was eminently convenient. At first glance it

in a modest, but self-respecting, progressive neighborhood puts the matter in a different light which the thoughtful person may discern. This may be a fine point that could not be recognized by those whose eyesight is impaired by a cheap jazz complex of snobbishness, but, in our experience, the ownership of the layout and the progressive preparations for the better home lent the experiment a certain amount of dignity and prestige which tended to offset its first appearance of crudeness. However that may be, we were not ostracized by our friends.

AS the plan eventually worked out, I did not have the shanty built myself, but bought a lot with a shanty already on it. I paid \$400 for it, but it was worth less, and looked it. It had what is known among homesteaders of the West as a "box-car" roof. Although the esthetic qualities of such a habitation compare in a general way to the structure from which the roof derives its name, such a house is the cheapest form of construction known and it keeps the rain off just as well as a mansion. Covered with tarpaper and walled with a composition board, it was snug and comfortable. When we visualized good furniture and rugs and pictures in it, the interior seemed inviting enough.

The lot was not worth more than \$150 on account of a ravine cutting across it, but the place was not in a shanty district, but in a new sub-division just outside the city limits, surrounded by modest, well-kept homes. It was only one block from the carline, and it could be moved into at once. We decided to take it.

And right here is the flaw in the plan. The key to the whole situation is to get the feminine half—or four-fifths as the case may be—to take it. Wives throughout the ages have proved their ability to rise to the occasion in real misfortunes and reverses. It is merely a matter of getting her to be a good sport at a time when it will do lasting good, and bring her more fur coats in the long run. It sounds simple, doesn't it? Suffice it to say that I got away with it. We were \$800 in debt from the Wyoming venture, and this may have been a great asset to us, for it brought us down to fundamentals. Now that we are independently wealthy, so to speak, and, after three years, have a better home all paid for, my wife is glad that we took the short cut.

And yet my salary income was only \$2,000 a year at that time. The census figures show that there are only one-fifth of our citizens who are making more. However, few of the experts are brave enough to advise anyone with my income to attempt buying a home. One expert whose figures I have at hand says that one should not think of such a thing on an income of less than \$2,500 a year.

The big advantage of our short cut is most apparent right here. There is no prohibitive first payment to contend with. When one buys a home costing \$5,000 to \$7,000 or more, the first payment, amounting to 10 percent, is a matter requiring two or three years of stinting and saving, if one is living in the meantime in a rented place that is of the recognized standard of style

(Continued on page 18)

Another D. C. I. Story

by Karl W. Detzer

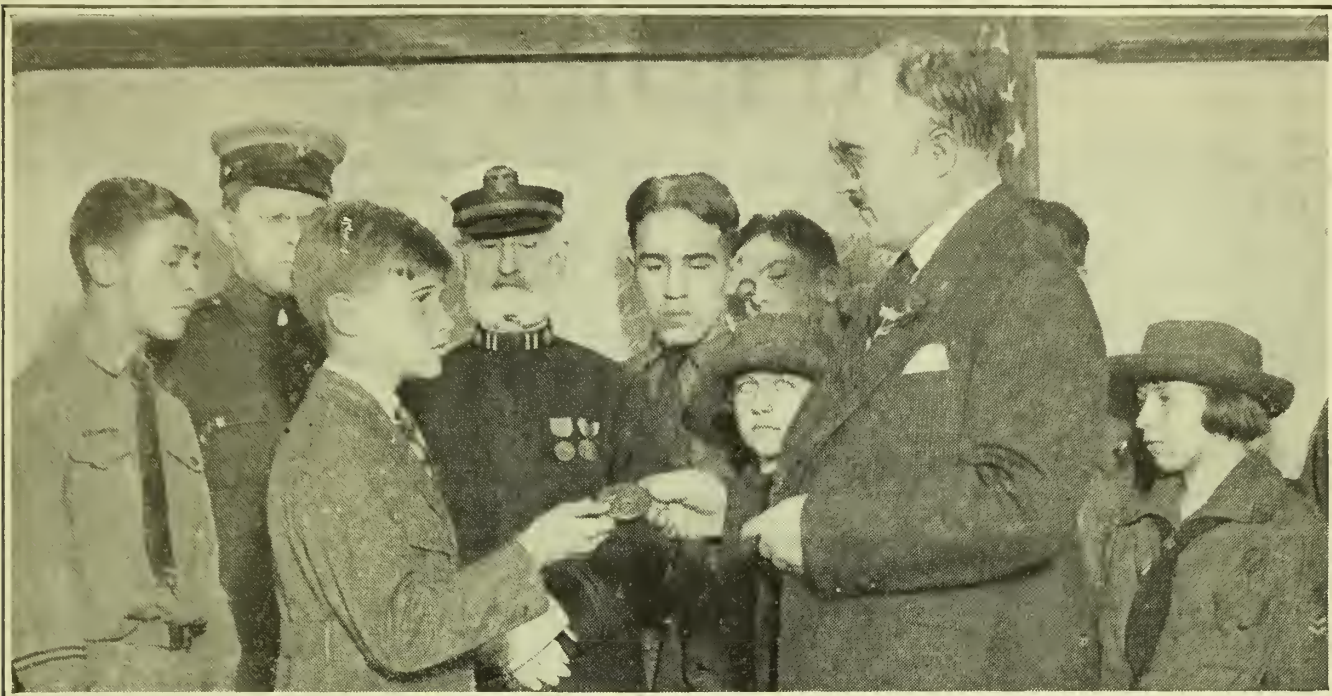
THROUGH BOLTED DOORS

will appear in

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

might seem that it is not as convenient to go out to the cistern and work a pump handle as it is to turn the hot or cold spigot; but it takes only five minutes a day, and then the agony is over until the next day. My wife hasn't an electric washing machine, but there are laundries here in the city, and we never have suffered in this respect. We have electric lights, the one modern feature. My wife complains of the tendency of ashes to squirm their way from the grate and repose on the floor, but we have had outside assistance whenever it was wanted, so that the sum total of housework necessary for my wife has been no more than that done by women who do their own housework in the convenient apartment. And the cost entailed in hiring that extra work to make up for the extra inconveniences was but an infinitesimal part of the household economy that was made possible. This is just business. The owner of a factory does not invest in an expensive piece of machinery unless there is enough labor cost saved to pay for interest on his investment and depreciation of the machinery.

The most obvious objection to this plan, of course, is that we were not keeping up appearances in the conventional, accepted style. I will admit that no family of our position in life cares to live in a regularly constituted shanty-town district in order to get cheap rent. But to own the place



Paul Alexander Stewart, thirteen years old, rated by his teacher and classmates of the eighth grade in the Kenderton School in Philadelphia as first in honor, courage, scholarship, leadership and service, receives the bronze medal of The American Legion School Award from the hands of Commander Franciscus of State Fencibles Post. Almost a thousand similar ceremonies have been held under Legion post auspices in Pennsylvania grammar schools this year

A Youthful Order of Knighthood

ALMOST one thousand Pennsylvania schoolboys who walked out of grammar grade school-rooms this spring for the last time in their lives are the newest members of the boyhood order of chivalry established by the Pennsylvania Department of The American Legion. Upon being graduated from eighth grade schools in all sections of the State they received The American Legion School Award, a medal attesting that in competition with all their classmates they had been rated highest in honor, courage, leadership, service and scholarship—qualities which certainly are the foundation of all good citizenship.

The ceremonies for the presentations of The American Legion medals this year marked the full success of a Legion activity which was started in 1922. In that year one hundred medals were awarded. In 1923 interest in the Legion's plan continued to develop and more than 350 medals were given. This year the widespread distribution of the medals and the testimony of Legionnaires and educators who have followed the workings of the plan indicate that the school award is a permanent institution in Pennsylvania, and that it will become more important each year, and will each year exert an increasingly profound effect in developing character and ability.

Having perfected the plan in its own State, the Pennsylvania department is undertaking to have all other departments of the Legion adopt it. Garland W. Powell, director of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, has expressed the hope that each department will establish the system which

has worked so well in Pennsylvania.

The American Legion School Award is based on a realization of the fact that the completion of the eighth grade in school marks the ending of one important life period and the beginning of another. Some of the graduates of grammar school look forward to a continuation of their education in high schools, and others leave school behind them forever when they obtain their grammar-school diplomas. All, however, are in the first years of adolescence, and the mold of present circumstance and environment will leave upon them an impress for life. The Legion school award brings out boldly those qualities of character and ability which, when properly cultivated and matured, will result in worthy citizenship and well-rounded manhood.

THE method of selecting the boys who shall receive the Legion medals is one of the most important factors of the plan. The local posts of the Legion select the winners, one for each eighth-grade class, after consulting the teachers and the members of the class. The members of the class cast ballots in an election, recording their estimates of all the boys nominated for the honor. Each boy considered for the honor is graded on a scale of a possible one hundred percent, in which the five qualities of honor, courage, scholarship, leadership and service each contribute a possible twenty percent. Each of these qualities has been defined in the instructions distributed by the Americanism Committee of the Department of Pennsylvania. Honor, for example, is defined

as "strength and stability of character; high standards of conduct; keen sense of what is right; adherence to truth and conscience and practice of clean speech."

The medal itself is recognized as worth striving for. It is more than a trifling decoration to be admired only on graduation day and forgotten thereafter. It was designed by R. Tait MacKenzie, an eminent sculptor, and is a conception both beautiful and noble. On one side appear the American eagle and the Legion's official emblem with an inscription reciting the qualities for which the medal is awarded. On the other side are symbolic figures representing the land and sea forces, back to back, protecting the maritime commerce and home life of the country.

So highly is the Legion decoration regarded by the boys who have won it that the winners in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have formed permanent organizations. These organizations, sponsored by the Legion, will continue to help their members develop character. They will also participate in the Legion's department convention.

In the effort to have other departments of the Legion adopt the Pennsylvania school award plan, Ingersoll Post of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Department this year presented a medal to each Legion department. Thomas Evans of Philadelphia, chairman of the Pennsylvania School Award Committee for two years, states that he has received assurances that twenty other departments will take up the school award plan. By 1925, Mr. Evans hopes, the movement will be general in all States.

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Hold That Pivot

FOUR years ago The American Legion's policy of mutual helpfulness was put to the test when the wheels of the nation's industries slowed down and hundreds of thousands of men found themselves without work or in part-time employment. The Legion met that test by a national movement to find work for jobless service men. Almost every Legion post attacked the problem of unemployment in its own community by establishing bureaus which hunted up positions for jobless veterans and in many cases created employment opportunities by working with city authorities and officials of business enterprises. The systematic efforts of the Legion served largely to restore public confidence in the stability of underlying business conditions and contributed greatly to the revival of industry which put an end to widespread unemployment.

Once more the country faces a period of mild employment uncertainty. That uncertainty is based largely on conditions which always seem to attend a Presidential election. What other basis it may have is now largely undetermined. At all events, the Legion's machinery for job-finding and job-making is always in reserve, ready to be put into operation quickly.

One lesson learned in 1920 was that in many communities what might have been an unemployment situation easy to handle was complicated by the movements of a great army of idle men moving from city to city. At a time when factories and other enterprises were running with small forces, the ranks of the recently-discharged waiting to get back their old jobs when conditions bettered were multiplied by the arrival of large numbers of jobless men from other cities who did not realize that the conditions which had worked against them in their own communities would be even harder to overcome in another city. Most cities frankly and rightly adopted the policy of finding places for their own jobless before helping outsiders. Now comes word from Detroit which is reminiscent of 1920.

The Wayne County Council of the Legion has adopted a resolution warning service men not to come to Detroit now in search of employment. "Conditions here are similar to those elsewhere," declares the service officer of the council. "Factories are running on quite low schedules and very few men are being employed. Out of forty-seven calls upon the Legion bureau only one job was landed for a service man in the past three days. Hundreds are seeking work but are unable to obtain it. In addition, thousands are attracted here by the expectation of work, which is usually plentiful in the factories of Detroit."

The conclusion is obvious. A time of uncertainty is a time to stick to the home sector.

A Job for Business

WITHIN the space of three short years the United States has accomplished an economic and scientific miracle. Three years ago the radio receiving set was for the most part confined to professional laboratories where skilled physicists performed countless experiments and used mathematical formulae to discover the laws of air tele-

phonic communication. Here and there amateurs—usually mechanically-minded young men—played with crystals and cat-whiskers on one-lung receiving sets which they built themselves or equally crude sets marketed by a few pioneer manufacturers.

How different now. Ages seem to have elapsed since the pioneers pressed platinum hairs over irregular cubes of galena hunting for the few stray current waves sent out by the pioneer broadcasting stations. The discovery that the vacuum tube would detect and amplify the faint aerial messages transformed seemingly overnight the radio receiving set from a scientific plaything to an every-day convenience in the homes of America. Overnight a great industry sprang up, created to supply the demand for efficient sets at moderate prices. Huge broadcasting stations began to flash daily programs from every sizable city.

Science and business still have another great task to perform in the United States. That task is the development of air transportation, a problem which for some unaccountable reason seems to have baffled the genius which this nation manifested in perfecting radio and, earlier, in popularizing the automobile. Experts agree that the United States, which built the first airplane, is now almost at the tail-end of the procession of nations in the field of aerial transport.

American business seems to have maintained a skepticism toward aerial transportation utterly foreign to its nature. Business did not hesitate to develop the telephone, the electric light, the automobile, but it has declined to spend the necessary money to experiment with commercial air transportation. While scores of airplane lines conduct passenger service on daily schedules between London, Paris, Berlin and the other principal cities of Europe, successfully, efficiently and safely, while the British government sanctions the building of two giant rigids, to be completed in 1927, to be operated on a London-India service, giving a five-day trip where now eighteen days are required, the air passenger lines of the United States are few and inconspicuous. The Government's aerial mail service is the one bright page in an otherwise discouraging record of American air activities since the war. This in spite of the fact that army and navy flyers, handicapped by small governmental appropriations, have been breaking world's records for speed and altitude.

At its last national convention in San Francisco The American Legion urged Congress to adopt a national air law similar to the proposed Civil Aeronautics Law of 1923. A bill embodying the Legion's recommendations was passed by the Senate before the last Congress adjourned, but it had not been reported out of committee in the House. The Legion will render another great service to the country if it succeeds in its fight for such a bill—the starting point for big-scale commercial air transportation in the United States.

He who hesitates, at a street crossing, is tossed.

Most vacations nowadays consist of a speedy effort to determine which State has the most palatable dust.

This is the season when umpires are wondering why pop bottles as well as drinking cups can't be constructed of paper.

Six hundred golf balls were found when a Utah lake was drained. There was no trace, however, of the souls lost at the same spot.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

SOMETIMES there must be a twinkle in the stork's eye, again a grin and again a tear—a twinkle when he leaves nine pounds of perfection at the Newlyweds' door, a grin when he leaves twins and a tear when he leaves a sickly child in a poor home which is ill fitted to care for it.

He is only the postman or expressman who distributes the parcels according to the addresses on the labels. He has nothing to do with billeting arrangements or future care. Billeting is beyond his control, and future care is very much so. And some little sons and daughters of men who served their country are without billets.

"Suffer little children to come unto me." No words of Christ's have quite so broad a human appeal. The innocence and helplessness of children make all the world kin.

Our soldiers played with the papooses around the tepees on the old Indian frontier campaigns while the bucks were on the warpath; played with Filipino children while their fathers were lying in wait to stab sentries in the back; played with Chinese children when the Chinese Boxers gave no quarter; played with French children around their billets and with German children in the occupied zone.

The Chinese and Filipino children who are now men and women grown do not all forget that. French and German children, who are growing up, will not forget it. It is a factor for good will in the world.

From the moment that a man and woman become parents their greatest responsibility to themselves, to society and to the nation is the care of their children. The first-born takes the selfishness out of both. They think in terms of another life than their own. They have become the unit on which state and society build—the family, in whose name they work and sacrifice and save.

Always they are in a Committee of the Whole on the subject of what is best for the health, the training and the future of their offspring. The politician who kisses the babies to get votes plays upon the pride of the parents which warms at a compliment to their child when they would be indifferent to one to themselves. He knows better than to tell them their mistakes in bringing up the child. They get ample advice of this kind from relatives and neighbors who often have no children of their own.

THERE is the story of the young woman in horn spectacles, fresh from college with many theories about rearing children, who, in her rounds, found Mrs. Smith at the washtub.

"I'm the mother of five," said Mrs. Smith, "and the way my mother brought me up is good enough for them. When you've got five of your own, come and see me again."

"Give me time," replied the frank and hopeful enthusiast of the horn spectacles.

The extreme of her type may stand for the Bolshevik idea not to bother much about this family business. The family is obsolete. Children belong to the state. They are to be brought up in common in barracks with employees of the state acting as a general mother in a glorious communism of sublimated bastardy.

An extreme Mrs. Smith belongs back in the time when you bled underfed children for anemia. Then parents insisted that their children were their own property to do with as they pleased. It was your own business if you wanted to beat

them black and blue and put them to work at the age of eight or nine; your own business if you never sent them to school.

But public opinion stepped in and said that the training of the child concerned the whole community in its citizenship. So we had compulsory education.

We have gone still further. Every school teacher knows as she looks over her pupils who come from the right kind of homes. The home stamp is on them when they are very young. It is not so much a matter of income in the home as of the right kind of father and mother. Nowadays, in some communities, when a child needs its tonsils out, or other vital medical attention, an order is given for this, with the parents' consent; and when the child is undernourished milk is supplied. Some progressives would enter the home and insist upon the regulation of diet.

THE question is how far the school authorities may go without interfering with home rights. National child welfare work, which is still relatively young, is getting the benefit of much recent experience in answering this question.

We know that the extreme view of the socialistic paternalists is as wrong as the other extreme. The theorist's plan in bringing children up in common, when they can possibly have homes, has been proved a failure by its products. It is established that a theory cannot beat nature even among humankind. A child must have a real home, and, especially, a mother's care.

In this Mrs. Smith and the mothers of all time were right. Every man and woman trace back the vital formative influences of their lives to their parents. When a low man is expressing a low opinion of women you have only to say to him: "And your mother?" That ends his argument. He knows that whatever good there is in him came largely through his mother.

Education is the thing that counts, education which helps us to be better parents.

"I know that I cannot know too much about how to be a good mother," said one Legion mother who is certainly a good one.

From the first the Legion has stood for the cause of child welfare. The misfortune of the mental and physical defectives rejected by the Army could be traced back to poor home care. This misfortune is equally a handicap in peace. The Legion is composed of the tested vigorous young parenthood of the nation. It can co-operate with other organizations who are working for a common programme of child welfare in understanding and patriotic sympathy while its special interest is the care of the homeless children of veterans.

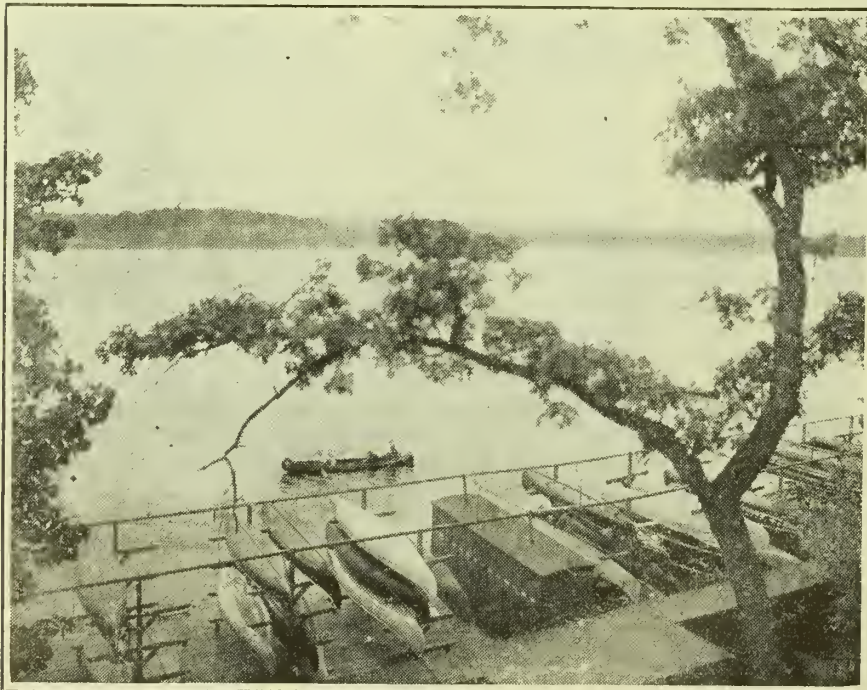
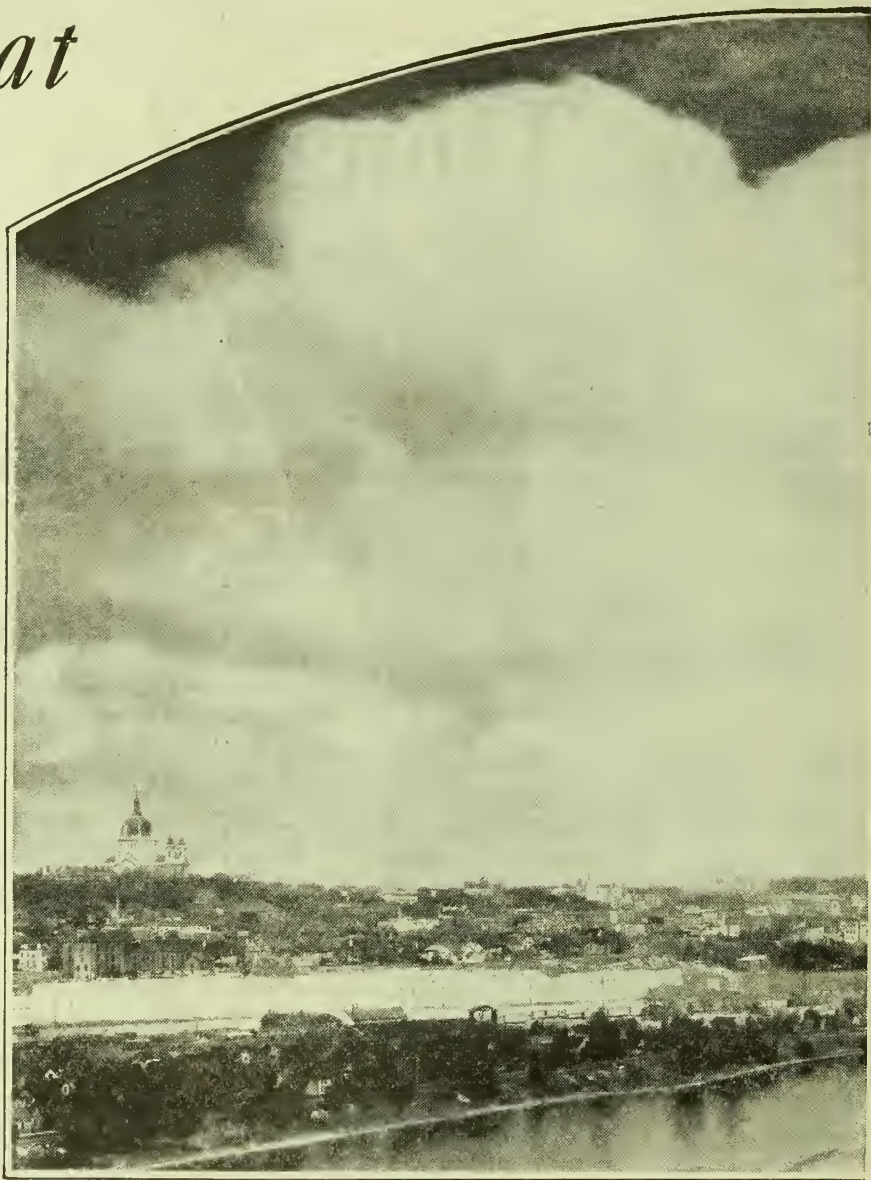
These war children have a background. They have something to be proud of when they grow up. They have a right to the home life which they lost as the result of their fathers doing their duty. Next to his own child, what other child can have such an appeal to a veteran as the child of a dead or disabled comrade?

All child welfare experts will agree that the best thing that can happen to a war orphan is to be adopted into the good home of a war veteran. There are such homes without children or with room for another. Their best contribution to the child welfare of the nation if they find a child they like and guardians approve is to take the little buddy for their very own.

See You at

IF a traffic cop holds up a bulky paw as you are proceeding in an orderly way with your Henryford down Saint Paul's main drag next month, takes a yellow ticket in his hand, and proceeds toward the driver's seat with a business-like look in his eye, don't get heart failure. He isn't going to send you for a trip to the A. P. M., or whatever corresponds to the A. P. M. in the eastern twin of the Twin Cities. He is merely doing the regular stunt that all Saint Paul traffic cops do whenever they spot a foreign state license; he is presenting you with a slip which entitles you to have the regular "Saint Paul Visitors' Tag" attached to the radiator. The visitor's tag, in turn, allows you to get away with minor traffic violations due to a visitor's normal ignorance of the rules in a strange city. And the cop who, in the pursuit of his duties, is most courteous to visitors during the summer is entitled to a goodly prize from the police department and from sundry civic bodies. That's what the fuss is all about.

Saint Paul has a reputation—a well-deserved reputation—for courtesy and hospitality to its visitors. There are thousands of these visitors any week during the summer on their way to some one of Minnesota's famous Ten Thousand Lakes, or to the mountain resorts of the West, or to the more densely populated East. When the Sixth Annual Convention of The American Legion comes to Saint Paul on September 15th next—have you noticed how many Legion conventions have been held in towns with two parts to their names?—there will be some 100,000 Legionnaires in town. And if any one of them gets the cold shoulder from any of the natives it will be



As long ago as 1680 explorers traversed Mississippi and the Minnesota Rivers, located where the rivers meet, is less against a horizon which in 1838

something to write home about. That is how rare the cold shoulder is when folks visit Saint Paul.

Hospitality has always been an outstanding characteristic of the city. To be sure, it has changed from the old days when Saint Paul was the lumber center of the United States. In those days the rivermen, swaggering into town for a roistering time after "driving" the winter's cut of logs down the Mississippi from the country to the north, clattered their sharp steel calks over the sidewalks, and found along the river front the hospitality they yearned for. In those days every other door near the river was a saloon. And inside, with the warmth and bright

Lake Phalen, with a bathing beach and a solid half mile of canoe racks, lies within the city limits of Saint Paul, and the Saint Paulists have only to go around the corner to take a swim or catch black bass for supper

Saint Paul!

By Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr.



the beautiful lake-clustered wilderness about the confluence of the but the Middle West metropolis of Saint Paul, with its 280,000 persons, than a century old. The magnificent sky-line pictured above now looms embraced only the two log cabins of Saint Paul's first settlers

lights, and the mellowing influence of a tin-panny piano, the lumberjacks spent their winter's wages before ever they went back to the woods or the sawmills or the farms for the summer's work.

THOSE days have long since passed. The bright checkered shirt of the loggers is now seen around the Twin Cities only on the backs of the college youths who have revived the picturesque style of bygone times. The sawmills have ceased their roar, as the timber has been cut farther and farther back from the cities. No longer do the logs tumble down the Mississippi, with the buckos riding along in the welter of logs and swirling spring torrent.

The saloons are converted to more sedate uses. The brewery is making ice. The tin-pan pianos have gone the way of all flesh.

But just as Saint Paul in the old frontier days supplied the roistering hospitality which its visitors wanted,

so the city of today—a busy city of 280,000, with mercantile, lumber, manufacturing and banking interests serving a large portion of the Northwest—has the spirit of true hospitality which the visitors and the times demand. It aims to show its visitors the best time that they can have, and to extend to them the greatest possible assistance in enjoying the city's unusual facilities for enjoyment.

The Hospitality Committee is a Saint Paul institution. It is composed of the foremost women of the city, who

One of the best advertised waterfalls in America, Minnehaha itself, every bit as romantic today as in Hiawatha's time. It happens to belong to Minneapolis, Saint Paul's twin city

are organized and ready to be of the utmost assistance to visitors during the convention. You will find them in the Union Station, in the hotel lobbies, at the convention hall, and everywhere that a number of Legionnaires are likely to be in the line of convention duties. They are ready to supply directions, to suggest the sights to see and the way to see them. Visiting service men will stand ready to bless the Hospitality Committee by the time they have wandered about the scrambled streets of downtown Saint Paul for the five days of the convention.

FOR, for being hard to find your way way around, here is the Boston of the Middle West. As you walk along Sixth Street you suddenly observe that Ninth Street is crossing it. That is enough to make any ex-doughboy wonder whether he slept enough last night. But when, pursuing his solitary way along Sixth for another city block, he sees that he is at Fourteenth Street, somebody is going to have difficulty in holding him while he tries to jump off High Bridge into the river.

The most famous mix-up of Saint Paul streets comes at Seven Corners. Here, just for the sake of variety, the humorist who laid out the downtown part of the city decided to bring together Third Street, Fourth Street, Seventh Street, Main Avenue and Eagle Street.

There are at least two versions to the story of why this older part of the city is laid out in this way. One is that Seventh Street, which is the Old Fort Road leading out to Fort Snelling, was so heavily used by travelers coming in from the West to the old trading post



that some of the city's pioneers insisted on laying out part of the streets parallel to it, and at right angles to it. Meanwhile another school of thought held to the rather sensible idea that the city's streets should run parallel to the Mississippi, and at right angles to it. The tangle resulted in Seven Corners.

But while your next-door neighbor—if you lived in Saint Paul—might tell you the story that way, somebody else would tell you, and just as plausibly, that there were springs where Seven Corners now are, and that the Indians wore all these trails coming to the springs. Then the city grew up around the Seven Corners—and he will tell you that the springs are still to be found at Seven Corners, which seems a safe enough assertion. Nobody seems to care enough about it to tear down the buildings on the Corners in his zeal to find the springs. So we are offered the option of believing whichever partisans we wish to side with.

THE figure 7 recurs in Saint Paul's geography. Besides having Seven Corners and Seventh Street, the city is built on seven hills, just as is Rome. And the eighth Hill, famous in Saint Paul's history, was James J. Hill, the railroad and empire builder of the Northwest—famously known throughout the district as Yim Hill, the name he went by among the Swedes, Norwegians and Danes who form so important a section of the inland empire that he built.

The Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Burlington stand as monuments to Yim Hill's prowess. And all told, nine trans-continental railroads center in Saint Paul.

Yet, despite its great importance today, Saint Paul is one of the youngest of our big cities. For while explorers came and went over its site from 1680 on, and the cornerstone of the first building at Fort Snelling was laid in 1820, it was in 1838 that the city was really founded by two pioneers who settled on farms here.

In 1840 the settlement got its name, when Father Lucien Galtier, first resident Catholic missionary, settled at Fort Snelling and built the log chapel of Saint Paul. (Today Saint Paul has one of the country's finest cathedrals.) In 1846 Saint Paul got its first post office—a rack with sixteen pigeon-holes, which is treasured today in the Minnesota Historical Society.

The first legislature met in Saint Paul when Minnesota became a territory in 1849. The capital had a population of 840. And the temporary capitol, marked with a flag, was the city's finest hotel, down on a river-front corner where today are railroad tracks.

Counting that as the first capitol, Minnesota has had four capitol buildings. The present building is one of the nation's finest state houses. It stands on a hill just outside the downtown district of the city, crowned by a majestic dome. The building, of Minnesota granite, is notable for its architectural beauty. The interior is quite as beautiful as the exterior. Here, in the best of taste, are rooms and corridors both ornate and artistic. Beneath the great dome and throughout the building are great mural paintings symbolic of the greatness of the State. And in the ante-room of the governor's office the walls are lined with historical

paintings of great events in the State's history. The paintings of Minnesota troops in Civil War battles must be of especial interest to World War veterans, showing as they do the difference between the fighting which our grandfathers did in America and what our doughboys did in the trenches of northern France.

One of the classics of the Northwest is the song supposedly sung by a Scandinavian farmer on his return to the State he called his home. It goes:

I yoost come back from Nort Dakota,
Been in dat State fourteen year.
I yoost come back to Minnesota
For to see de big State Fair.

The Minnesota State Fair is probably the greatest of all the fairs which are held by the agricultural States. This year it will be held from August 30th to September 6th. And any Legionnaire who can work out his schedule so that he can be in Saint Paul during all or part of this time will be well repaid for the effort.

The fair grounds comprise about a section of land adjoining the Agricultural College of the University of Minnesota. The college campus and experimental farms cover an area several times as large. (Incidentally, there are twelve colleges and universities in Saint Paul.)

Along with the state fair is held every year the Northwest dairy exposition, with exhibits from all of the dairying country in this large section. Farmers and dairy specialists come from all over the country, and, in fact, from all over the world, for this event every year. Besides the exposition activities, there are regularly held all of the usual amusements—horse races, athletic contests, side-shows, and the rest of them.

The municipal auditorium, where the Legion convention will be held, is a tremendous building, especially designed for conventions. It accommodates 10,000 people. In the auditorium is the municipal organ, one of the finest instruments in the world. Its cost—\$60,000—was raised by popular subscriptions averaging \$2 each. Fort Snelling, a Regular Army post now tenanted by the 3rd United States Infantry, was originally placed here at the junction of the Minnesota and the Mississippi Rivers to guard the whole Northwest Territory for the United States. The first building, a stone blockhouse built in 1820, still stands as a monument to the battles which won this Indian country to the peacetime pursuits of today. The blockhouse is round, with thick stone walls. Narrow up-and-down slits allowed the garrison to fire their rifles at attackers in comparative safety. And perhaps a half mile away stands the old stone powder magazine, placed thus far from the blockhouse presumably for safety.

ONE might wish that those old Indian fighters, with this mighty respect for ordinary gunpowder, had been privileged to see the nonchalant way in which troops handled the infinitely more powerful explosives of the World War, and the quantities in which they had to handle these high explosives to feed the batteries under conditions of long-range bombardment. It seems probable that the sight might have tempered

the contempt with which each generation looks down on posterity as an unmitigated group of namby-pambies.

To anyone who can take the time it will be well worth while to set aside a few days before the convention or after, or both, to enjoy the peculiarly wonderful country in and around the Twin Cities.

Here are two cities adjoining. Minneapolis lies to the west, Saint Paul to the east. Street cars and bus lines provide forty-minute service between the two cities. There are two big lakes inside the city limits of Saint Paul, Lake Como and Lake Phalen; four lakes inside the city limits of Minneapolis, Lake Harriet, Lake Nokomis, Lake Calhoun and Lake of the Isles. Between the cities runs the Mississippi, father of waters. At Fort Snelling, in Saint Paul, the Minnesota joins the Mississippi. The St. Croix comes in only a few miles away. Steamboat trips of three or four hours on the river are available.

AND all through the country surrounding these cities are lakes, large and small, dotting the rolling hills. Just outside Saint Paul, where most of the city's wealthy people have summer homes, is White Bear Lake. Just outside Minneapolis, with literally thousands of summer homes and summer hotels and resorts fringing its cut-up shore line, is beautiful Lake Minnetonka. Both White Bear and Minnetonka offer unusual enjoyment in fishing, sailing, canoeing, bathing, and all the other sports which go to make summer life a joy in this northern country.

Four or five hours away, by automobile, railroad or bus, lies the Iron Range, where iron ore is mined on the biggest scale of anywhere in the world. At Virginia is the largest sawmill in the world. No further is Superior National Forest, the last stand of the virgin timber of northern Minnesota.

It isn't even necessary to leave the city to experience the pleasures of the country. Both cities maintain bathing beaches at the lakes within their limits. Instead of "Let's go out to the lake," thousands of Twin Citians say, "Let's go 'round the corner and have a swim," or "Get out the rods, Bill. We've just got time to go over in the park and catch some black bass for supper."

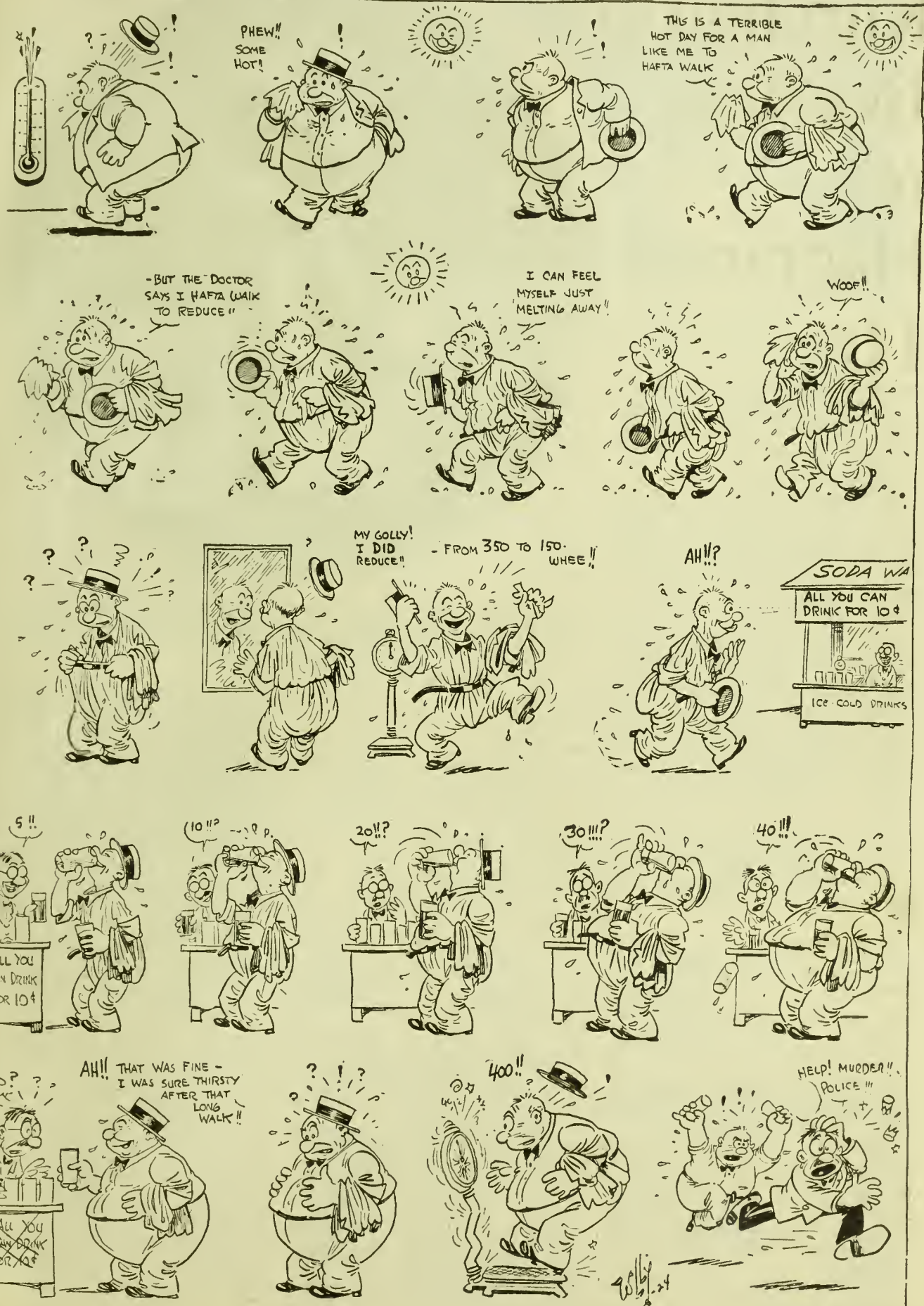
The beach at Lake Phalen, in Phalen Park, Saint Paul, is literally covered with bathers in the afternoons and evenings of the occasional hot days which summer brings even to this north country. And all summer long the lake is dotted with canoes. The canoe racks at Phalen extend for a half-mile along the shore, with the canoes racked up four high. After Saturday evening dinner, when almost every one of these canoes is on the lake, it is indeed a colorful sight. Incidentally, the canoe racks themselves, laden with canoes painted in every fantastic color scheme that young Saint Paul can devise, are as gay as an artist could well imagine.

There is a municipal golf links at Phalen; five golf links are open to the public in Saint Paul and Minneapolis together. And there are any number of free tennis courts.

In Minneapolis, Saint Paul's twin, are the Mississippi's great Falls of Saint Anthony, which supply the power
(Continued on page 21)

Reductio ad Absurdum

By Wallgren



Kurchinski's Bee-line to Happiness

HE used to whistle cheerily as he swung his hammer and pulled his saw. He was a carpenter, a good one, was Eugene G. Kurchinski.

But there wasn't much chance for Kurchinski to go back to carpentry when they gave him his honorable discharge and his sixty dollars. The war had seen to that.

It happened on August 4, 1918. The 125th Infantry of the 32d Division had been taken out of a nice restful sector in Alsace ten days before and had been started for parts unknown to them. When they landed it was in the Château-Thierry sector. As anyone recalls who happened to be there about that time, Château-Thierry was not a restful sector.

Kurchinski, private first class, stopped some of an H. E. shell about ten a.m. on August 4th. His right arm and right hip were badly shattered. They picked him up unconscious, took him to a French hospital, looked at his dogtag, and operated. They kept on operating from time to time until they had him as near back to full strength as would ever be possible. Finally he was discharged at Washington on June 18, 1920.

"After I had had several operations and saw that I was never going to regain my former use of arm and hip," says Kurchinski, "I began to do a little thinking about just where I was going to end up. I knew I should never be able to get back to working as a carpenter."

So did the surgeons. So they sent him to the Veterans Bureau, and from the Bureau he received the training he applied for. Incidentally, by this time he was married; the ceremony took place just one week after he left the hospital.

Kurchinski started vocational training September 18, 1920. He wanted to study poultry and bee culture, so he took it at Michigan Agricultural College, which is not so far from his home town of Boyne City, Michigan.

"When I first entered school," Kurchinski confesses, "I thought it would be hard because of my education; I had only been through the sixth grade. But M. A. C. conducted, quite separate from the college, a school to brush up the preliminary education of ex-service men who were lacking in this or that pre-requisite.

"The rest was easy. My marks were fair, and I never failed in my subjects. I had no farming experience, to be



Eugene Kurchinski was a carpenter before an H. E. shell raised hob with his right arm and hip. He couldn't go back to his trade after he was discharged from the hospital, but has made good as a bee fancier and poultryman.

sure, but I learned my subject with considerable ease.

"You know, it isn't hard to learn something if you're really interested in it and want to master it. I had picked this course of study because I knew that here my disability would interfere less than in any other occupation I could think of. I knew of no other line where I would not be severely handicapped."

After two and a half years of training in his specialty, Kurchinski went out into the world once more to earn his way and his family's. As the first step, he bought a forty-acre farm at Boyne City on easy terms. He stocked the farm with what money he had and began to raise poultry for eggs and meat and bees for honey. He is becoming one of the leading bee raisers of his section.

When he entered the Army, Kurchinski was nineteen. He is only twenty-six today. And before he entered the Army he had been working at carpentry for five years, four of them as an apprentice.

"I liked my work as a carpenter," he declares. "But I like my present work far better. For one thing, I am my own boss. And a man never knows the satisfaction there is in that until he has tried it for himself.

"I never could have got through my years of study at college so well if it had not been for my wife. When things seemed blue—and they certainly seemed that way a good many times—she used to get right to work on my studies with

me and help me out of my difficulties.

"And when things have not gone right since we have been on the farm—as has been true a few times, at that—she has pitched right in and gone to work to get us out of our troubles. The two boys are not big enough to be of much help around the place; one is over two years and the other five months."

During his first year on the forty-acre farm Kurchinski raised several hundred chickens. He sold a lot of eggs. He increased his swarm of bees, and sold a considerable amount of honey. And he's never been happier.

"My vocational training is bringing me success," he says confidently. "Even in spite of my disabilities, I am going to get ahead at this work further than ever I could have gone at my trade. So I guess I haven't much to kick about, after all. As I watch my winged workmen return from the fields each day I find a real joy in studying their problems and the way they solve them. You know, within each hive is a little city, in which toil and romance and tragedy are intermingled. I tell my friends who would understand something of the sagacity and industry of my workmen to read a little book, 'The Life of the Bee,' by Maurice Maeterlinck. Reading this work, even the most hard-shelled, self-absorbed man finds his whole philosophy of life challenged. The mysteries of life and death, the progress of the race and the individual, all may be studied by lifting the top off one of the hives on my farm. There one may learn the secret of right living."

Heading the Class in Finance

PARIS is France and Miami is Florida. Whenever anyone thinks of Florida he thinks of moonlight on Biscayne Bay and the magic city which is one of the world's winter playgrounds. Miami, like Washington, Boston, New York and Los Angeles, is a city that belongs to the whole country—a second home for thousands of Americans. And Miami is the home sector of Harvey W. Seeds Post of The American Legion, which in its own locality has rapidly been acquiring a fame that matches the outer fame of its cosmopolis.

Harvey W. Seeds Post has done many things which have brought it to the attention of the Legion at large. It sent to the San Francisco national convention last autumn a twenty-piece drum corps which won second prize in competition with drum corps from all parts of the United States, and now it is planning to send a drum and bugle corps of sixty pieces to the St. Paul convention in September. Not long ago it broadcast a radio program heard far and wide and sent gifts of live baby alligators to the first ten listeners-in who forwarded reports. But these are only incidentals. The applause for Harvey W. Seeds Post which rises from Miami today proceeds from greater accomplishments. Witness the testimony of *Miami Life*, a weekly publication, which, after editorially and metaphorically awarding a "silk-embroidered sandbag to the gentlemen who direct the promising activities of the Legion" in Miami, relates the following:

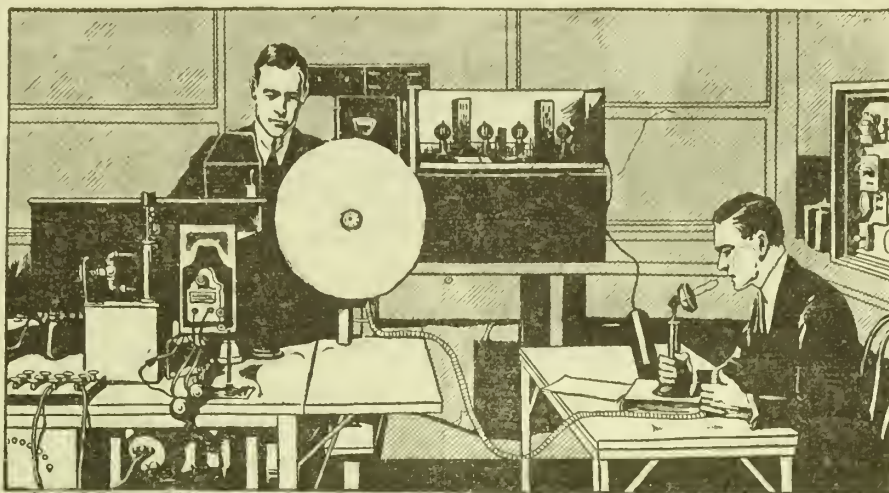
"Once upon a time there was a general scramble for what promised to be an easy pick-up in building sites in Miami's bayfront-park-that-is-to-be. Several hundred women clamored and set about moving heaven and earth to make the city give it a building site for a clubhouse, conveniently named a 'memorial library.' Harvey W. Seeds Post wanted a site for another clubhouse, named headquarters. Still others wanted sites for clubhouses, auditorium, bandstand and whatnot. The city commissioners turned a deaf ear and a blind eye. (It took the field-trained eye of the Legion man, however, to notice that the eye was only partly blind.) All attempts failed.

"It seemed that if the civic clubs wanted building sites, they must buy them. And the Women's Club did, and was knocked loose from a handsome sum.

"And then, dear readers, one fine morning Miami awakened to find that it had given, made over, voted to, donated for and delivered to the supreme strategists of the erstwhile A. E. F. as fine a building lot as one might see without having seemed to do so."

This Miami testimony relates to the \$100,000 site which Harvey W. Seeds Post has acquired for the erection of a \$250,000 clubhouse which promises to be a national Legion center. The people of the city generously voted at a special election to deed the property to the post. But that isn't the whole story, by any means. *Miami Life* continues:

"The world, besides loving a lover,



In the Bell System laboratories speech sounds are recorded on the oscillograph with a view to their subsequent analysis

The service of knowledge

The youthful Alexander Graham Bell, in 1875, was explaining one of his experiments to the American scientist, Joseph Henry. He expressed the belief that he did not have the necessary electrical knowledge to develop it.

"Get it," was the laconic advice.

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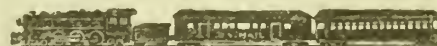
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loves hard cash. Therefore, when somebody gets somebody else to hand over a sizable amount of smackers the galleries roar with approval. And did the boys fail in this test?

"News item: 'The Chamber of Commerce directors voted to give \$2,500 to Harvey Seeds Post to defray expenses in sending delegates to the national convention.'

"Fail? There's no such word as fail. Furthermore—

"The Chamber of Commerce recently gave a party, in the form of a membership drive. The Civitan Club, the Lions, the Exchange and this and that and the other club were invited to bring in more money. The winning organization would receive a handsome tin cup, polished up beautifully, and with this incentive the clubs brought in oodles of money. The Exchange Club won the prize. The Civitans said no. And to prevent a row in which it was feared the terrifying Lions might be

turned loose, all three were given cups.

"The Legion watched—and figured. After the smoke had cleared away—

"We need \$3,000. Can you let us have it?"

"Sorry, boys. Call again."

"And the boys did.

"We will undertake to get 150 members for your chamber of commerce, provided you will give us \$2,500 of the money. Is it a bargain?"

"Done! Put her there."

"And the Legion gets 150 members and a divi of 66 percent.

"As an afterthought, it might be remarked that the Exchange Club got some 170 members, and the Civitans and Lions a few less. But, of course, they have their bright and shiny cups to show for their efforts."

The newspaper from which these quotations are taken frankly declares that it is rendering a tribute to sagacity and nominates Harvey Seeds Post for the head of the class in finance.

A Homesteader in the City

(Continued from page 8)

for his position in life. Quoting the expert's budget again, four dollars are spent for rent while one dollar goes into the savings account. Then, too the interest on the unpaid balance, and the taxes and upkeep, amount to almost as much as rent, leaving but a negligible amount to be applied on the principal. The plan we followed eliminated paying down the savings of years, and we had immediate possession of a home for approximately a week's salary. Interest on the unpaid balance was negligible, and practically every dollar put toward our purchase of a home went toward the home itself, and not for interest and taxes.

On the second week, about \$30 went toward buying shingles and rolled slate roofing from the lumber yard, and some second-hand lumber. I also hired a slam-bang carpenter of the kind sometimes designated as "jack leg." He hadn't any fancy reputation to live up to, and was not required to establish one. His sole duty was to drive nails where they were needed. I helped him that first Sunday, and we added a lean-to room and a porch in front. Three or four rolls of slate roofing were run around the lower part of the siding to resemble stucco, and then paneled. Shingles were put on the upper part, over the tarpaper, as a sort of bungalow camouflage. Planking sawed to give a pagoda-like effect served as a corner to hide the ugly flat top roof.

The whole thing admittedly was not workmanship of the most honest kind, nor was it the last word in honest artistic possibilities, as some may define those terms. But there is a kind of craftsmanship and art that makes the best of the materials at hand to create things of utility. With the planting of flowers and vines and shrubbery which grow there as well as in the garden of the mansion, the place was fairly presentable. Fundamentally, it was just as comfortable to live in as a kitchenette apartment, without having the well-known discomforts. Lots of wealthy people go away for weeks at a time to live in cottages in the mountains or at the seashore that are no better, and they consider it a restful

outing. They have nothing on us.

The place cost me, allowing laborer's wages for the time I put on it myself while getting exercise after my day in the office, just about an even \$500, and I paid for it in five months, by apportioning what I would have been paying for rent, my apportioned savings, and by doing without some of the more expensive recreations a part of the time, when there were opportunities for strategic financing. In another eight or nine months the \$800 debt we had in the first place was cleared away.

After that, the matter of buying a better lot in the neighborhood and building a home more in keeping with the standard of living of those of our class was a simple matter. And it was made simpler by renting our homestead shack for \$12.50 a month. So big a return for a \$500 investment puts us in with profiteers of the rankest kind, but we defy anyone to show us where there is another place in the city that is as good for the money. Perhaps it would be more advisable for one to buy a place that could be used permanently, as there admittedly is some lost motion in fixing up one place and then moving out so soon. But our experience goes to show that even though one acquires what he does not want permanently, it has commercial value, and at least is better than rent receipts.

As far as really keeping up appearances, I think we managed to do that all the way through about as well as others with our income. In every other respect, aside from the expenditures on shelter, we kept up our standard of living. Housing is the one item which offers a really substantial opportunity for economy, especially if one has a place to call his own. Raw food, as it comes from the grocery store, costs all of us approximately the same. And no one but a millionaire who has already arrived can afford to dress too shabbily.

In most of the wants of humankind, it is for the individual to make the decision as to the sort of compromise that is to be made between his actual needs and his desires. And everybody

is making some sort of compromise in this respect, don't you forget it. Very few, if any, are following the standard of expenditures they would like to follow.

So many low salaried men like myself are looking forward to the time when by some stroke of genius they will make the big clean-up that will give them the success and the command of wealth that goes with it. It happens in many cases that this brilliant stroke of genius doesn't materialize. In the meantime a good deal is spent by the would-be climber putting on a front that doesn't fool anybody but himself, generally speaking. The plan I have followed should make up in infallibility what it lacks in the spectacular—the spectacular in the way of superman and will-power stuff that is so much admired and possibly overrated to some extent.

At any rate, a fairly good plodder with horse sense has a good chance of making at least a modest financial success of his career. In my own instance, I am counting on the flier of success, but if I should happen to be so much a failure that I never get any higher job than I have right now, I can clear nearly \$1,000 every year—or else I can blow it in and set a better pace than others of much better earning power who are handicapped by the necessity of paying one-fourth or more of their income for rent. And if I should lose my job, which, next to a promotion, really might be the best thing that could happen to me, I could live for several months without it being absolutely necessary for me to grab for the first proposition offered. There are few salaried men who could do this, if the truth be known.

A county boulevard is being opened just a block away from our holdings, and the water and gas mains are coming out with it. The county is paying for the boulevard, which eliminates city assessments, and that has added some value to our property. Some more unearned increment comes with the arrival of gas and water and sewers. There is one way to beat paying for unearned increment, and that is to be a pioneer and sell it instead of buying it.

An expert accountant in Kansas City has compiled figures for me, showing the comparative status of the man who buys a \$5,500 home and the man who homesteads with a \$900 residence. The \$5,500 man pays \$550 down and \$55 a month, the recognized procedure, with interest on the unpaid balance of 6 percent, and allowing 1 percent for upkeep and 5½ percent for taxes and insurance.

The other pays \$90 down and then pays \$55 a month also. After his home is paid for, he puts that \$55 a month into a savings and loan association which pays 6 percent compound monthly, for the same length of time that the other man is paying for his \$5,500 home.

At the end of 7½ years, the first man has a \$5,500 home on which he has paid \$9,288.63. The added depreciation for the more expensive house is not figured. The \$460 additional for the first payment is another item which might be considered, since it is an important item. So important it is that an incalculable number have been barred from buying a home on account of the lack of it. Providing that one could borrow that sum without se-

curity, and pay 6 percent compounded monthly, that would be an interest cost of \$260.16.

But to give them both \$550 to start with, the \$900 man pays down \$90, leaving \$460 to put out on compound interest. At the end of the 7½ years he has \$8,511 in cash, in addition to his \$900 home and the 7½ years' rental of it.

I myself take the responsibility for the way in which these figures are interpreted. It is only fair to the professional accountant to say that he made his books balance from an unbiased scientific standpoint.

I realize our procedure was more extreme than would be necessary in many cases, but after all, the attitude taken toward it is the key to the whole thing. Drastic as it may seem, it really was a pleasure, taken all in all. And it was not petty, sordid economy, either. It was saving that was appreciable and highly effective—a concentrated campaign of it in a period of a few months, rather than a tiresome system of trifling, futile economies prolonged through the years. I detest the dime-in-the-tin-bank-every-day type of saving. Saving alone will never get the worker or low salaried man anywhere, even though ability to save is an essential to success, as James J. Hill, the noted railroad builder, has said. The savings must be used intelligently, and that means they must be invested safely. Six percent a year is considered the margin of safety on an investment, but I found a \$500 investment, absolutely safe, which brought a return of 10 percent a month as long as I availed myself of it to save what I would have been paying otherwise for rent receipts. This, in addition to the value that came with neighborhood improvements, which amounted to considerable, over the months.

It is to be admitted that the idea is decidedly inelegant and "buckwheat" from a certain standpoint, and that it gets a far-away look and a quivering nostril from some—in fact, from many. There won't be any big stampede to try it out. But modifications can well be adopted by those who have enough consideration for their own self-surprising worth to avoid expending any more of their time and effort than necessary in paying interest and profit on wealth held by others. The smaller the first investment, the less is the homebuilder the slave of capital. This is a good thing to remember while listening to the real estate salesman. He has more effective things to talk about than interest rates and taxes, and I don't blame him for talking about the more effective things. Small thanks he would get for putting up a proposition like this to the prospect who is all set for Italian stucco and slate roof trimmings. More than likely the altruistic salesman would be insulted in most cases.

Budget experts are so universal in their arrangement of just how the good plodder should finance his home, and the bankers and real estate men are so much in accord with the principle, that for a mere unrecognized boob like me to pick anything like an error in it seems as audacious as trying to disprove vital statistics of an old line insurance company. I even doubt my own dope at times. The only proof I have to offer is that I tried it and it works.

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The Boys We Left Behind Us

(Continued from page 6)

derelicts of literature told me in answer to my question as to why he was in France. "Lovely, yes," he said, nodding up to the Champs Elysées to where the sun was setting in a ball of fire behind the Arc de Triomphe. "Lovely, but who can live on ruddy sunsets?"

Who, indeed? Old-world atmosphere is fine stuff, but highly indigestible. These poets are now waiting on table in student cafés in the Latin Quarter (if they're lucky) and hoping for a summons to be ready to leave for the north.

A cynical seeker through the archives of Paris Post would not be highly impressed with the constancy of certain soldier husbands. Not only did many men desert their French wives, but some of them chose peculiar methods of doing it. For instance, there was the naval officer who urged his wife to visit her parents in Bordeaux, and one hour after seeing her off from New York filed a petition for divorce on the grounds of desertion. Another man asked his wife to sign a paper, explaining that he was deeding her land, when she really was herself petitioning for a divorce. She, too, was sent off to visit the folks back home, and the first thing she knew about it was a formal announcement from the United States of the severing of her conjugal bonds.

But if some American ex-service men have treated their French wives badly, the fact remains that the whole story has not yet been told. Officials of Paris Post report that whenever an ex-service man stays in France he usually has difficulty getting along with his wife's people. And the moment anything goes wrong, the family all line up against the man—which may be quite natural. That was what happened in the Ayotte case.

John Ayotte, ex-32d Division, hailed from Sheboygan, Wisconsin. He met his wife while he was a patient at Allarey, the great army hospital center south of Dijon. She was the daughter of a farmer near Châlons-sur-Saône. After Ayotte's discharge they were married in France. He lived with her family, but, not speaking French and unaccustomed to their ways of living, he did not get on with them. Quarrels were frequent. Finally one night the father's barn was found in flames. Now when you burn a Frenchman's barn you hit him in a tender spot. Ayotte was accused of the crime and brought to trial.

Since he did not speak French and knew nothing about being defended by counsel, the trial was soon over. He was sentenced to one hundred and five years for "incendie volontaire." At this critical point Paris Post of the Legion stepped in. They got in touch with Ayotte, finally got permission to see him, investigated the case, and found he had had a bad deal. They discovered, among other things, that he was nowhere near the farm on the night of the fire, that he had been fighting with his wife's parents on the very afternoon of the fire, and that the jury which tried him numbered no less than five relatives of the bride's family. The whole case was turned over to the American Aid Society, through whose efforts Ayotte was released from solitary confinement, and there is now a chance that he may be allowed to be

sent home at the expense of the Society.

Then there is the case of a fellow from Chicago who dropped into Paris one day flush enough to acquire a couple of bottles of eau de vie, and started to clean up the whole city. It finally took a platoon of gendarmes and a company of sapeurs-pompiers (which is French for firemen) to subdue him, and when he woke up, minus his front teeth, he found himself in an insane asylum.

It was some time before this twenty-eight-year-old veteran got word through to Paris Post of his trouble. It took longer still to get permission to see him, for in France an insane man is insane. Finally they did see him and got him liberated on condition that he would be taken over by the Aid Society and put on a boat for home. This the Aid Society agreed to do, and a few months ago the vet stepped aboard the *George Washington*. He is one young man who isn't bothering the tourist agencies for folders and prices this summer.

And there was the little old lady with the Boston bag who came timidly into the rooms of the society one day appealing for help to get home.

She was a maiden lady from a small New England town, and one look at her would tell you she couldn't be anything else. Her letter of credit had been stolen, she was without funds, and wanted only to get home. She would go any way at all. Yes, steerage would be as good as any other way. Perhaps, she hazarded, it would be an interesting experience, and she might write her adventures for the weekly paper when she got back.

Then, on the evening before she was to sail, she came in to the secretary and announced that she couldn't go.

"Why not?" asked the astonished official.

"Because I can't go steerage," said the old lady.

The secretary was mystified. "Why didn't you tell us before?" she said. "I don't understand."

"Oh, I've only just heard," was the reply.

"Heard what?"

The maiden lady leaned over close to the secretary's ear.

"About those horrid examinations they used to give our boys during the war."

"But madam," said the astonished official, "what in the world has that to do with you?"

"Well, I've just heard," this in a breathless whisper, "that all steerage passengers are taken out and given them, right on the end of the pier."

LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed program should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wavelength.

Fort Wayne (Indiana) Post will broadcast from WDBV (360 meters) on August 8, at 8.3 p.m., a special Legion program of musical numbers, chorus singing of old favorite army songs and short talks on Legion activities.

See You at St. Paul

(Continued from page 14)

that grinds the wheat flour for most of America and much of the rest of the world. Here is the University of Minnesota. And in historic Longfellow Park is situated Minnehaha Falls, which the poet has made famous throughout the lands where English is read.

And this inevitably calls up the rivalry between Saint Paul and Minneapolis—the rivalry which is inevitable when two hustling, energetic American cities are built so close together that the citizens of one town are daily thrown into contact with thousands of folks from across the river. They tell the story of a meeting which was held to consolidate the two cities into one. Everything went well until the last point, which was to decide on a name for the consolidated city. Nobody's suggestions sounded good to anybody from the other town. Finally a prominent citizen of Minneapolis arose, and said in all solemnity: "Friends, neighbors and citizens of our esteemed twin across the river: I have a name which fits the situation perfectly. Let us call the combined city Minnehaha—Minneapolis for Minneapolis, and Haha for Saint Paul." That broke off the negotiations. But there's another story which seems to indicate that the citizens of one city are as touchy as another. A preacher from Kansas City was filling the pulpit of a Minneapolis church one Sunday during the absence of the regular pastor. All went well until it came time for the sermon. Then the visiting clergyman, opening the Bible before him, looked out over the congregation and announced: "This morning I shall take my text from Saint Paul." With-in exactly thirty-five seconds the church was empty.

The new Union Station in Saint Paul has been open to the public for about three years now. It is not yet completed, though it offers travelers more conveniences now than any except perhaps half a dozen of the greatest stations in the country. It has been under construction for eight years, which gives some idea of its size.

Incidentally, both Saint Paul and Minneapolis—with their Union and Great Northern Stations, respectively—have a habit which reminds one of

the small towns where they take in the electric lights and hang up the moon and stars at 9 p.m. Because of the unusual train schedules in effect by reason of these cities' situation about twelve hours out of Chicago on the lines to the north Pacific Coast, and their relation in time to other large railroad centers on all sides, not a single train is scheduled to enter or leave either of these stations between midnight and 6 a.m. Consequently they close up the stations at midnight and re-open them at six in the morning. These are probably the only railroad stations which are ever closed in cities of anywhere near the size of either twin. But there's no use keeping the station open when there's no business to be transacted.

So don't figure on leaving for home early after midnight, when the convention is over.

The telephone wires, and all of the city's public services in Saint Paul, run through tunnels which have been dug out of the rock on which the city is built. One can follow through these tunnels for miles once he succeeds in obtaining a permit. There are entrances under all of the downtown district.

And just because Saint Paul is in agricultural territory—or it may be for some other reason—these tunnels are used for farm purposes. Anyhow, there are mushroom farms down in this dark, damp labyrinth. Thousands of pounds of the succulent fungus are grown annually beneath the city's streets.

Another interesting sight available to convention visitors is Indian Mounds Park on Dayton's Bluff in Saint Paul. Here are half a dozen of the strange mound tombs in which the Indians buried their dead chieftains. And these mounds remain undisturbed, awaiting the coming of some archaeologist to conduct here in the capital of a great State another exploration which might be of interest comparable to that aroused by the late lamented King Tut.

Then, too, there is the State Fish Hatchery, a few miles outside Saint Paul. And the great meat packing plants, a few minutes away from the business district, at South Saint Paul.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

NEWTON COUNTY (GEORGIA) POST invited business men to a banquet at Covington and before the gathering broke up had succeeded in getting its guests to start a board of trade.

WILLIAMSON POST OF MARION, ILLINOIS, was responsible for the forming of a bi-county council of Boy Scouts, which is establishing Scout troops in all cities and towns of Williamson and Franklin counties.

CUMBERLAND (OHIO) POST secured a library for its town by selling library membership cards for a small amount and securing books at cost. Legionnaires take turns acting as custodian of the library.

ADDISON (NEW YORK) POST made an iron pipe flagpole forty feet high which it presented to the local school, with a large flag.

JEFFERSON COUNTY POST OF GOLDEN, COLORADO, distributed five hundred copies of a manual of the flag among school children of the town.

When one of its members turned over a horse in lieu of dues, JOHN RAYMOND O'HARA POST OF CARRINGTON, NORTH DAKOTA, staged a party and awarded the animal as the chief prize.

BOYERTOWN (PENNSYLVANIA) POST'S BASKETBALL TEAM won the championship of three counties, winning twenty-three of its twenty-six games.

The code of etiquette on the American Flag will be printed in text-books to be used in the schools of Missouri, CHARLES A. LEE, STATE SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, announces. The action was taken on the solicitation of THE AMERICANISM DIVISION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.



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T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

JOHN DEARDORF, Erk Cottrell Post, Greenville, O. D. July 19, aged 28. Served with Co. E, 108th Ammn. Train.

FREDERICK F. DOBBINS, Dover (N. H.) Post. D. June 23, aged 34. Served with Medical Corps.

JOHN R. KING, Albert J. Hamilton Post, Bel- lingham, Wash. D. July 16. Served with Co. L, 31st Inf.

OLIVER H. LATHAM, Leo J. L'Homme Post, Danielson, Conn. D. June 2, aged 41. Served with 34th Co., C. A. C.

CHESTER MALES, David McAllister Post, Lawrenceburg, Ind. Drowned June 27, aged 28. Served with 315th Ammn. Train.

FREDERICK N. MAXWELL, Cazenovia (N. Y.) Post. D. June 24, aged 29. Served with Salvage Dept., Q. M. Co.

CHARLES STUMPF, Feibirch Post, Vermilion, O. Killed in cyclone, June 27. Served with 108th Engineers.

FRANCIS E. WRIGHT, Warwick (N. D.) Post. D. May 14. Served with 134th Field Hospital.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

AMB. Co. 333—Fifth annual reunion, Aug. 9-11, at Saginaw, Mich. Address Joseph H. Farmer, 218 Alger St., Saginaw.

BTRY. C, 307TH F.A.—Second annual reunion at Jamestown, N. Y., Aug. 22. Address Gust. E. Johnson, 87 Sturgis St., Jamestown, N. Y.

136TH INF.—Third annual reunion at Fairmont, Minn., Aug. 24-25. Address Chaplain E. C. Clemans, Owatonna, Minn.

80TH DIV.—731st annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 27-31. Address 80th Div. Veterans Assn., 915 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburgh.

462D AERO SQUADRON—Fourth annual reunion at Hotel Tuller, Detroit, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Address H. M. Lamb, 410 Scherer Bldg., Detroit.

EVACUATION HOSP.—Fifth annual reunion, Hotel Tuller, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Address Jack R. C. Cann, P. O. Box 260, Owosso, Mich.

51ST PIONEERS—Reunion at Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 13. Address Thomas F. Coughlin, State Armory, Kingston.

27TH DIV.—Annual reunion in Troy, N. Y., Sept. 26-27. Address Franklin W. Ward, 100 State St., Albany, N. Y., or State Armory, Troy.

4TH DIV.—Second annual reunion at Mercantile Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 11. Address John Napier, 629 So. Broad St., Philadelphia.

Co. D, 54TH INF.—Former members of this outfit address Odus Sandy, Stuarts Draft, Va., to arrange reunion.

5TH DIV.—To complete roster, former members of division should address Society of the Fifth Division, 28 No. Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK SERVICE

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to Book Service, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

OVERSEAS STARS AND STRIPES. A reprint of all of the 71 issues of The Stars and Stripes, the A. E. F. newspaper, printed from February 8, 1918, to June 13, 1919, when the paper was discontinued. 568 full pages. 18 x 24 inches. Price: \$10.80.

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE 86TH DIVISION. Official. A story of the Black Hawk Men who trained in Camp Grant. The training period is covered unusually well. While the division never got into action as a unit, more than 115,000 men were trained with the 86th. Roster of all men who sailed with the division. Over 150 photographic illustrations. A silver "Black Hawk" belt buckle is given with each copy of the history. 319 pages. Special price: \$2.50.

A HISTORY OF THE TRANSPORT SERVICE. By Vice-Admiral Albert Gleaves, commander of convoy operations on the Atlantic. Adventures and experiences of U. S. transports and cruisers. Contacts with enemy submarines. Summarized records of transport service. 123 illustrations. 284 pages. Reduced price: \$4.80.

BUT WE BUILT THE CARS. By Don L. Clement. Official history 35th Engineers. Photographs of officers. Regimental roster. 119 pages. Price: \$3.50.

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Puzzle Department

(Can you fill the blanks with the right word? Answer below.)

I

'Twas the night of the big party,
And May said: "On the level,
I am through with you, you smarty;
You can go straight to the ———."

II

They wandered in the gloaming
As the evening shadows fell;
I was worried at their roaming;
He was with my sweetheart . . . —!

III

We gave a feast; the farmer's daughter
Was supposed our lunch to cram
At the picnic by the water,
But she didn't give a —.

Answer I. No, no—the word was "revel."

Answer II. Wrong again—"Nell."

Answer III. You'll never get this right;
it was "ham."

—Blaine C. Bigler.

Old Song

A Fool and a Ford had a race one day
(And they had a running start)
With a railroad crossing not far away.
The rest? Oh, you know that by heart.
—J. P. R.

Innocent Recreation

Tourist: "But what do you do here when you're lonely?"
Mountaineer: "Oh, I shoot at ol' Bill Scroggins down in the valley."

The Boredom of Bachelorhood

Inebriated Party (to policeman)—"Officer, I know my name, an' I know wha' shreet I live on, but wha's worryin' me is, my wife's away, an' I dunno who to tell my story to."

Consistent

Rub: "I ain't in favor of nothin' English."
Dub: "Not even the language, I see."

Snaring Them

Miss Agewell: "Men never marry women with brains."
Mr. Crabbsen: "Nonsense! It takes a woman with brains to marry a man."

Modern Woman

Mr. Peck (time, three a.m.): "Is that you coming in, darling?"
Mrs. Peck: "Yes! How dare you wait up for me so late?"

Too Much So

First Native of Holster: "Diamond Dick got shot last night. He had a hand that beat four aces."
Second Native: "He allus was a lucky cuss."

Gentleman Bountiful

Magistrate: "The officer says you offered resistance when he arrested you."
Prisoner: "That's me all over, your honor. Always offerin' somethin', whether it's aid, resistance, a toast or my seat in a street car."

Poor Fish

"S a great life," observed the salmon to the oyster in the hotel kitchen. "I've been all canned up for two years."
"Jus' like me, bro'her," replied the oyster. "I've been stewed three times in the last half hour."

The Coming of Culture

Visitor: "This town was once called Daisy, wasn't it?"
Native: "Yep. But a family moved here from Boston, an' got us to change it to Marguerite."

Timely Suggestion

How to make a hen lay:
Strike her twice with a hammer. Hen becomes much provoked and exclaims:
"Dawgonnit! I'll lay for you!"

Self-Preservation

Bobby (reading in primer): "The ape in the cage is in a rage." Why is he in a rage, dad?"
Dad: "Somebody wants his glands, I suppose."



THE QUESTION

"No, Jack, I can never be your wife, but I'll always be a sister to you."
"Good! Say, when our old man dies, do you think he'll leave us any of his money?"

Too Soon

You ask me why I sit and weep,
While others seem so glad,
Why tears roll down my dreary cheek,
And I alone am sad?

The summer has no charm for me,
Though all the rest feel gay.
I had my own vacation first
And now I have to pay.

—J. A. S.

The Showdown

Rastus: "Ah is so tough Ah's afraid of mahself."
Rufus: "Nevah mind. Ah will relieve yo' worry."

Extry! B. J. M. Amended!

The numbers correspond with those below the figures shown on page 6.

1. Gob's uniform with chief petty officer's rating.
2. Lieutenant, j.g., with brass hat.
3. Cook cannot be gun pointer.
4. Rating upside down.
5. Second class seaman cannot rate second class quartermaster.
6. Rating on wrong arm.
7. Gob wearing C. P. O.'s hat.

The Perfect Conversationalist

"So she married a lawyer?"
"Yes. She said they would always have somebody's divorce to talk about."

Not Wanted

Mandy: "Mose, is yo' sho' yo' didn't marry me fo' mah job?"
Mose: "Co'se Ah didn't, gal! Lawsy, no! Yo' jes' go ahaid an' keep yo' ol' job!"

Filling the Need

Flapper's Caller: "You know, I'm always trying to get a kick out of life."
Her Father's Voice: "Lemme give him a swift one out of charity."

Added Responsibility

Fred: "Yes, my old man will soon have another wife to support."
Henry: "What? You don't mean to tell me he's going to turn bigamist!"
"No. I'm going to get married."

In Wrong

First Crook: "What killed your pal?"
Second Crook: "Poison. The idiot picked the pocket of a snake charmer."

Safety Ueber Alles

Friend: "What do you consider the most clever thing you ever wrote?"
Author: "A letter to a chorus girl with my signature omitted."

The Perfect Guide

"Can you direct me to a drug store?" asked the stranger in town.
"Sure," replied the native. "You'll find one on the next corner. If they won't let you have it, try the sheriff."

So Far and No Farther

"Jazz Traced to Germany," says a headline.
So was Bergdoll, but what good did it do?

The Wise One

Due to an accident, Mrs. Spreaditt was spending a few days in the hospital.
"Yes," the nurse told her husband, "your wife can see you, but she can't talk much."
Mr. Spreaditt winked knowingly.
"Don't try to kid me, sister," he said.

Too Dangerous

Patient: "My wife says that I talk in my sleep, doctor. What should I do?"
Doctor: "Nothing you shouldn't."

Too Much for It

A Scotchman was found dead in front of a one-cent punching machine. The coroner found that death had been caused by overexertion. Investigation disclosed a sign reading:
"Your penny returned if you hit hard enough."

Orders Is Orders

Little Mary Doughgob was attending a class in French, and the teacher had ordered that no English be spoken during the lesson. The next day, as Mary arrived, the teacher greeted her with:
"Bon jour."
Mary hesitated but an instant.
"Mah Jongg," she gravely replied.

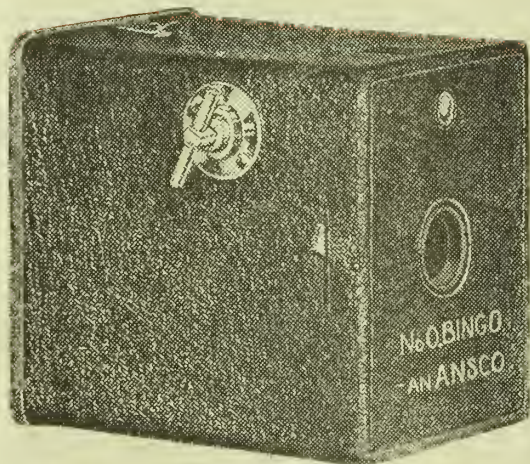
Short Story

Chapter I: Falter.
Chapter II: Altar.
Chapter III: Halter.

Pro Bono Publico

Father: "I would rather see my daughter dead than on the stage."
Friend: "That's very considerate of you."

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